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REMARKS

ON THE

PURSUITS OF LITERATURE,

IN A LETTER TO THE AUTHOR.

Cum tabulis animum censoris sumet honesti. Hor.

O, sacred weapon, left for truth's defence,
Sole dread of folly, vice, and insolence;
To all but heaven-directed hands denied,
The Muse may give thee, but the Gods must guide.
Pope.

CAMBRIDGE,
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MDCCXCVIII.

BRITISH MUSEUM

REMARKS, &c.

CAMBRIDGE, *May* 1, 1798.

SIR,

FROM the peculiar complexion of the present times, the wisest and best of men may deem it their duty to discourage and oppose even useful innovations, through a just apprehension of such as may be hurtful or ruinous. But in a Reformation of Literature, which is the object of *your* Book, there is nothing to alarm us. The methods of preventing, or of correcting, its abuses, may be pointed out before the mischiefs, to which they lead, can arise, or take full effect. Such an undertaking, if skilfully planned, and properly conducted,

may be very beneficial. All that ample region, where vice and folly range at large, uncontrouled by laws, and unchecked by conscience, is the province of the Satirist. For the effectual accomplishment of his purpose, he must be free himself from all restraints, excepting those implied in the necessary regards to truth and justice, decorum and decency. But this very consideration, which constitutes his [a] claim to invisibility, binds those regards upon him with a tenfold force. His office indeed, is, from the the nature of it, so delicate, and difficult in the execution, that few, very few, I fear, are qualified for it. However, let not those, who are conscious of adequate abilities, and pure intentions, be deterred from discharging so important a duty. It is not my design, by this Address, to invade the province of the Reviewers. But as the field of Criticism, which you have opened, is of vast extent, it is possible,

[a] See Note 1.

sible, that some things, worthy of notice, may escape their attention, amid the multifarious publications which fall under their inspection. Every one, who loves his country, and wishes well to the interests of religion and learning, must approve the design of your work; and, generally speaking, the spirit and temper with which it is composed. Many, however, may think with me, that particular parts of it are faulty, and exceptionable; and, if unnoticed, may produce effects, not only not consonant, but directly contrary, to the Author's intentions.

You write, if not with the simplicity to which you lay claim, or with the clearness which results from order and connexion; or always, perhaps, with precision and correctness; yet certainly with a depth of thinking very seldom exceeded, with a fund of learning at which scholars themselves stand amazed; with great earnestness, energy, and spirit,

as your subject required, and, I believe, with great sincerity too, even where your opinions are most erroneous; where I know your statement of facts to be false, and where your representation of persons and characters would be indiscreet and improper, although it were true.

It gives me great pleasure to see, that you have so handsomely retracted the harsh and hasty censure, you had passed on our able and worthy Professor in the Common Law. But I cannot help adding, that if the charge, which was ignorantly made, had been better founded; yet your treatment of that Gentleman would have been inexcusable. For the feelings of men, in his situation, are not to be wounded on slight occasions. Had the occasion been much greater, yet, in unavoidable severity, there is a mildness to be admitted without destroying its wholesome effects, a claim to kindness which should never be forgotten. Even

in the infliction of just punishment, there is a tenderness to be observed, a delicacy due to the frail offender.—But enough of this.—I pass on to other observations.

When the celebrated Junius assaulted the Duke of Grafton's and the late Lord Mansfield's character, the appearances of party rancour were so strong and glaring, that the satire, though cloathed in the finest language, excepting on minds distempered by party, not only lost its influence, but produced an effect quite contrary to what was intended: for all men of sense and probity, all at least who knew those Noblemen, concurred in condemning the malignity of the assailant. When the shafts of wit and ridicule are thus wantonly thrown, and improperly directed, irrita tela eadunt.—The arrows, which are shot at random, will miss their aim, or fall blunted to the ground. But when there can be no suspicion, either of accidental enmity, or designed

designed injustice, if satire *then* mistakes its office, or overleaps its bounds, the consequences may be as hurtful, as the act is injurious. I allude to what you have said of the Duke and his friend, the learned Professor of Modern History. They are entitled to esteem on many accounts, and I do not see how that esteem is forfeited by their presuming to think for themselves on a subject in which all, who are capable of thinking, have a common concern; or by their attempting, like other Laymen of eminence, to elucidate the Scriptures, or suggest what they deem improvements in the administration of religion. I do not see how your holding them up to contempt and ridicule, can be reconciled with your respect for the University, and your regard for learning. Who your MOROSOPHUS may be, is not for me to conjecture, but if *he* too is injured, it ought to be some consolation, that he is put in such company. The great

Poet,

Poet, your predecessor in the walks of satire, who laid down rules for the direction, and marked out the boundaries of it in the beautiful lines, which I have chosen for the motto of this Letter, did not always, any more than you, adhere to his own rules, or keep within the limits which can never be transgressed without equal discredit to the writer and his cause. His good-sense and acuteness enabled him to discern and discriminate the kinds and degrees of vice and folly, which demanded his animadversion; and he well knew, that punishment should always be not only just, but proportioned to the offence. Yet, what with the violence of party at the time he lived, the rivalry and jealousies of contemporary writers, and the natural irritability of his own temper, soured also by his habits of thinking, and the constant uneasiness he felt from a bad constitution, ("that long disease his life") we cannot wonder, how much

soever

soever we may lament, that his pen was sometimes dipt in gall, and guided by spleen or resentment. His treating with so much severity so excellent a person as Addison, was indeed the effect of misapprehension, as the Bishop of Worcester has clearly shewn, from a full investigation of that curious case. But the niggardly, parsimonious praise he bestowed on SECKER, if compared with his real character, as drawn at full length by his faithful biographer, the Bishop of London, and also with the characters of other Prelates, mentioned by himself in the same page, is, in all fair construction, little less than defamation, though I hope not intended even as a censure.

I am one of those, who sincerely wish, that the Bishop of Worcester had abstained from some observations, which justice seemed to require, for a full and perfect display of such a character as

Warburton. For without adverting to his connexions with learned men, to the intercourse they had with each other, and to their different talents as writers, this delicate task could hardly be accomplished. When you espouse the opinion of those, who have censured his Lordship, you do it, as they did, with the tenderness and delicacy which his high character demanded, and probably under the same mis-conception of his real meaning. Indeed, that passage of the life, which gave the chief offence, is ambiguous, and liable to misconstruction. But the narrowness mentioned, in speaking of Archbishop Secker's acquirements, related, as I imagine, not to the extent of his Hebrew-learning, but to the confined state of the Hebrew-language, in which there are few books of note or value, excepting the Scriptures. After all, Dr. Hurd, though a Bishop of great learning and parts, does not pretend to infallibility. He only delivered his opi-

nion, such as it was, as every man has a right to do (though perhaps in the wrong if he does) freely and without reserve.

At page 183 of your Book, I find the following Note:—"I read with the greatest concern the following passage in the very learned, ingenious and venerable bishop of Worcester's Preface to the quarto edition of Warburton's Works, concerning Dr. Lowth, one of the greatest men whom our times have produced. Dr. Hurd says, *Bishop* LOWTH's reputation, as a writer, was raised chiefly on his *Hebrew* Literature, as displayed in *those two works*, his Latin Lectures on the Hebrew poetry, and his English version of the prophet Isaiah. The former is well and elegantly composed, but in a vein of *criticism not above the common*. The latter I think is chiefly valuable *as it shews how little may be expected* from Dr. Kennicott's Works, and from a new translation

translation of the Bible for public use. Pref. to Warb. 4to. edition, p. 94. The necessity of any observation from me in this note is precluded by a very able Letter to Bishop Hurd, occasioned by his Strictures on Archbishop Secker, and Bishop Lowth, by a member of the University of Oxford, which I recommend to the reader. — It is one of the few pamphlets which should be preserved."

Although both the intention and the politeness of the Letter you so highly extol, are deserving of praise, yet *here* again, as in the other instance, the Bishop's meaning, if I understand it rightly, has been misapprehended. For the obnoxious terms — " though in a vein of Criticism not above the common" — may, I think, be fairly paraphrased as follows — " not in the philosophical, scientific way, which Aristotle and Longinus among the antients; Warburton, Burke, and Hurd among the moderns,

conducted *their* critical inquiries; but in the familiar, easy, popular manner, which Addison adopted for *his* remarks on Milton; the object of which was, to point out the peculiar beauties of the Paradise Lost, and to set them in the strongest light, rather than to explain the principles of such excellences, and trace them to their sources."

Dr. Hey, whose merits you so properly notice, has mentioned the doubts, which some have entertained, concerning the depth of the late Dr. Kennicott, as a Hebrew scholar, and has stated, with his usual judgement and caution, the delicate question respecting the expediency of a new Translation of the Bible. For my own part, I deprecate the thought, though I very much wish to see the present admirable Versions, both of the Old and New Testament *corrected* (so far as they really need correction) by proper authority, and at a proper

proper time; but not till the minds of men shall be more composed than they are at present.

I have not the honour of knowing the new Head of your paramount college, as you are pleased to call it. I never have seen that Gentleman. But, from all that I hear concerning him, I hope that your Prophetical, ill-boding account of his administration will not be verified. I hope it will be as prudent and prosperous, as his manners are polite, and his temper is amiable and engaging. As you cannot undo the Election, what end could it answer to discredit his Electors? Is it not a proof of prepossession greatly to your own discredit, that your just praises of the late Provost are introduced for the sake of suggesting an invidious, disparaging, contrasted parallel between him and his untried Successor? By thus prejudicing his government, you render it more difficult for him

him to govern. Your motives to a proceeding so preposterous, are best known to yourself. Unable to penetrate the mystery, I drop the subject, and pass on to other aberrations and irregularities in the different stages of your censorial progress.

In the 203[d] page of your Work, sixth edit. I find the following Note (occasioned by a passage you have quoted from a Sermon by the late Dr. Ogden) "There was something peculiarly amiable in the kind and [b]disinterested office which the late Bishop of St. Asaph, Dr. Hallifax, undertook in the Vindication of the Memory and Writings of two great men (quales et quantos viros!) Bishop Butler, and Dr. Ogden. It will be an eternal honour to that very acute, learned, and most judicious Prelate.—Cicero shall speak for this Prelate.—No man once better understood the strength and

[b] See Note 2.

and application of his language, when he filled the professorial Chair of Civil Law, the Ulpian of his Day in the University of Cambridge. What such a writer as Dr. Hallifax has told, who would tell again? I only speak in honour to the memory of a Scholar, whose name and high attainments in science should be *recorded*. — Το γαρ γερας εςι θανοντων."

There is something in the air and cast of these paragraphs, which, were I utterly ignorant of the facts they refer to, would make me strongly suspect the truth of the representation. But, as it happens, I am perfectly acquainted with the real state of the case; and by this accident that suspicion is converted into certainty. You have exactly inverted the rules of your office, by commending, with much pomp, where you ought to have blamed, and by strongly insinuating blame, where commendation was due.

Dr.

Dr. Hallifax had great merit as a scholar, and on other accounts was a very respectable character, but was not exempt from certain weaknesses, which are often found where they are least expected. Having determined to publish a new edition of the late Dr. Ogden's Sermons, it was very natural he should give some previous account of the Author and his Works; and as an anonymous Writer had lately printed a Critique upon them; as this might not only affect the [c] sale of the work, but also the Author's reputation; it was to be expected that some notice should be taken of that Critique in the preface prefixed to the new Edition, and chiefly written for that particular purpose. But it is a poor performance, and unworthy of its Author. Instead of being a Defence of the Doctor's Writings against groundless objections, it is an invidious, unhandsome censure of a fair Examiner, who

[c] See Note 2.

who neither in the matter, nor manner of his remarks, had given any cause of offence; who had only endeavoured, like you, to keep the sources of information clear and uncorrupted, by noting the faults and defects of fine writers, before others of inferior genius could erect them into models, and make them the subjects of their servile imitation;—had only endeavoured, like you, to obviate the danger to be justly apprehended from *misleading the public taste in matters of learning*; and, what is still more important, in the mode of conveying religious instruction.

But, notwithstanding the provocation given in some parts of the Defence, by imputing mean motives to the Author of the Critique, the Reply was written, though with a proper spirit, yet with such temper and moderation, and in a manner so respectful to Dr. Hallifax, that neither he, nor his friends, were

offended. It is evident, from what he said of the anonymous Author, in a subsequent publication, that he was conscious of having done him injustice. For he acknowledged the right to criticize Authors, and commended the manner in which it had been exercised.—These Anecdotes are mentioned, not for any importance of their own, but that you may perceive the full extent of your *aberrations*, if I may use your own expression. I shall be a little more particular, and prolix on this topic, because, to shew the real design of the Remarks on Dr. Ogden's Sermons, is a matter, in which the interests of learning have some concern.

Though not blind to the excellences of art and refinement in writers of eminence, neither am I so far blinded by them, as to believe, that a want of clearness, even in *their* works, can cease to be a blemish. It is to be lamented,

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that many writers of the first class are so subject to this defect. We should read Tacitus and Montesquieu, Walpole and Gibbon, with greater pleasure, and advantage too, were they less subtil and refined, and more intelligible. That Gray was conscious of the fault, imputed to his Ode, the BARD, (the finest, I believe, that was ever written in any language) is manifest to me from two particulars. One is, his prefixing to it for a Motto, Φωναντα συνετοισιν, singing to the intelligent: the other is, the Explanatory Notes, which, with great reluctance, he added at last, by the advice of his friends, among whom was the writer of this Letter, who drew up an Analysis of the Ode for his own use, as mentioned in the life of Gray. But it ought to be remembered, that of all Poetry, the Lyric species is, from the nature of it, the most obscure.

So extravagantly short are the Sermons of Ogden, that there is hardly room for the clear and full discussion of any interesting subject. The longest scarce exceeded ten minutes in the preaching, though his manner of speaking was earnest and deliberate[d]. For this, and other reasons, there is a want of plan, order, and connexion in the greater part of them. They are not indeed *skeletons* of Sermons, but scraps and morsels of divinity, which, though savoury and delicious, are hardly sufficient for the purposes of food and nourishment. But there is another cause of his obscurity as a writer;—the nature of his genius, and consequent cast of his stile. The sentiment is often sublime, and the expression suitable, but the transitions, where they are visible, are abrupt and violent. The δεινοτης of Demosthenes, the concise, energetic manner of that Orator, were more congenial

[d] See Note 3.

genial with his feelings, than the easy elegance and fluency of Cicero. He, therefore, preferred the former, well aware, that opposite excellences cannot be united. Dr. Hallifax very wisely adopted the latter for *his* model, as better suited to his genius, if not to his fancy and judgement. For how much soever men may differ in opinion, as to preferences of this sort, certain it is, that Dryden's famous Ode, though it has not the hundredth part of the BARD's poetical merit, will, on account of its simplicity, ease, and perspicuity, be oftener read, and more generally valued. It is equally certain, that the *Free-holder* of Addison will, for the same reasons, continue to be read and admired, when the exquisite, but laboured Letters of Junius are forgotten.

You seem to consider Mr. Pitt, as a kind of Comet in the political system, and you justly consider Dr. Ogden as

one

one of the luminaries in our learned hemisphere. But when you deem it a disgrace to the ruling powers, that the latter was not noticed as such, either you do not consider his excentricities, or you are ignorant of them. Little disposed as I am to exculpate the then Minister, for the uses he made of his influence, as Head of a great University, for the usual exercise of his power as a patron of learning; for his unfeeling neglect of ingenious men, while he chiefly encouraged the bold and intrusive, the venal and the cringing tribe; yet, I must, in justice, observe, that the promoting of such a person as the Doctor, was not so easy a matter as you seem to imagine. The Duke *did* render him some services, and would probably have rendered him still greater, if those, who, from their superior excellence in the fine arts of flattery, were entitled to the attention of his Grace, had not thought it for their interest to prevent it. The pre-

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tence for this base purpose was the more specious, because, though it is not every age that produces such a Genius as the Doctor, yet the short difinition of "an unproducible man," which offends you so much, was apt, significant, and appropriate in a high degree. For, with many good qualities, joined with great learning, parts, and good-sense, were also joined in his composition such strange particularities, both of temper and behaviour; such unaccountable oddities[c], as rendered him unfit for the great world, or an elevated station. I hope it is evident, by this time, that in defending, against the rigour of your implied censure, the innocent and useful Remarks on the Doctor's Sermons, nothing could be farther from my intention, than to detract from the merits of the Author, with whom I was personally acquainted, and for whose person I always had a high esteem. But though the

[c] See Note 4.

the character of his writings, like that of yours, is very respectable on the whole; yet surely his writings, like yours, are a fair subject for free criticism.

Your earnest exhortation to our rulers, not to depend too much on the gratitude and good faith of the Emigrants, as well as your censure of the late Mr. Burke (whose high merits you so justly describe) for his too great reliance on the Catholics, is a strong proof of your anxious attention to the safety of the kingdom. For it is natural to expect, that in so great a number, some may be false and treacherous, though there is reason to hope, from the accidental observations, and purposed enquiries which have been made, that the generous measures, which humanity dictated in favour of those persecuted exiles, prudence and political wisdom will not disavow.

As to the discontented part of the Irish, the question, whether any, or what concessions should have been made to their demands, is now determined by recent events. Mr. Burke, though a very sagacious statesman, might be deceived by appearances, and even his authority should have no weight, if opposed by clear facts, or satisfactory arguments. But to conclude (as some have done) from his wish to favour the Catholics, that he had a secret leaning to their system, would not be less ridiculous, than the absurd suspicion of the same sort, with regard to Bishop Butler, occasioned by the Cross he put up in the Chapel of his Palace at Bristol. In this place it may not be amiss just to observe, that your pompous panegyric on Dr. Hallifax, for his Defence of the Bishop against a Charge, clearly confuted by his character, by his writings, and by his intimate friend, the Archbishop, might well have been spared —

as well, indeed, as the Defence itself. But his Analysis of the Analogy, which deserved your commendation, is passed over in silence. It would, perhaps, have been more useful had it been a little fuller.

Although independent as you can be, on persons in power, I am not, on that account, the less disposed to do them justice. I have a great confidence in the rectitude of their intentions; for, as to their conduct, though every man in England is, of course, a politician, I am not, in many instances, a competent judge of it. At the same time that you are so liberal in your praises of the present Minister, something, it seems, there is in his character and conduct, both public and private, with which you are much dissatisfied. So far as I can judge of your dislike, it relates to his ambitious temper, and some supposed excesses of a convivial nature. In regard

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to the former, you cannot but be sensible, that the very best of princes would not be able to govern, or preserve their subjects, if men of integrity and talents were without a desire to be employed and entrusted by them. But there are times, in which ambition itself would not tempt such men, if duty did not injoin them, to persevere in conducting the public affairs; nor could even the sense of duty support them, if there was not in princes and parliaments, and even in the people at large, how liable soever to be misled, a just discernment and esteem of character, with a generous disposition to make allowances for the failure, when it happens, of sincere and well-directed efforts for the public service. If it be determined, by the all-wise Ruler, that this highly favoured Nation should yet be preserved (as we humbly hope, and devoutly trust that it is) impartial history will relate, that its preservation was owing, under Provi-

dence, to the firmness of those, whose conduct is represented, by the disaffected, as the principal cause of the public distresses. But he who wrote the Pursuits of Literature, is perfectly loyal, and by *that* person is the Minister accused. Yes, but without knowing either the accusation, or the accuser; without a possibility of correcting the charge, if wholly mistaken, or of confuting it, if ever so unfounded. For, in regard to the latter, is a Minister of state never to unbend? If the excesses, said to be indulged in, are neither so frequent, nor so great, as to hurt his health, or lessen his ability for the discharge of his office, is he, for such occasional irregularities, to be pointed out as a votary of Bacchus?— If this be not your meaning, it is impossible to guess what is. — Such a vague imputation of unexplained guilt is the more reprehensible, because, even supposing it just, the mind of the reader, when thus left to its own conjectures,

will

will outrun the truth, and conceive the thing intended as worse than it really is.

When we consider the state of affairs, both at home and abroad, from the time that he and his associates came first into power, down to the present tremendous juncture, it is really matter of wonder, that they should have furnished so few, so scanty materials for censure in the execution of their office: and this, Sir, as it should seem, has created some little embarrassment in the execution of yours. For the Satirist must be hard pressed indeed, when all he objects against the Minister, is conveyed in a manner so very objectionable; and when he is compelled to have recourse to the King's exhibition of his person on the terrace at Windsor, as a subject of animadversion. Must that grand and beautiful *Promenade*, so greatly cheered and enlivened by the royal presence, be deserted on Sundays, because a loyal croud

is

is attracted by the sight of a Sovereign, whose exemplary virtues, and those of his amiable Consort, do greater honour to the regal character, than any which the power of Kings can confer? Must such Sovereigns refrain from communicating to their subjects, and receiving from them, the highest and purest gratification of which the mind of man is capable, because that rational amusement and innocent recreation, like most others, may chance to be attended with some degree of hazard and inconvenience? Indeed, Sir, I cannot but think, that your grave and solemn admonition against the continuance of an ancient custom, which austerity itself would hardly disallow, is the Puritanism of politics.

In the numerous tribe of your Readers there will, probably, be some, who, not much pleased with their own picture, as pourtrayed in the Pursuits of Literature,

Literature, may be apt to fancy, that they see a true picture of that Book and its Author in the following ludicrous lines of our witty and facetious Bard.

But when he pleas'd to shew't, his Speech
In loftiness of Sound was rich;
A Babylonish Dialect,
Which learned Pedants much affect;
It was a Parti-colour'd Dress
Of patch'd and py-ball'd Languages;
'Twas English cut on Greek and Latin,
Like Fustian heretofore on Sattin.
It had an odd, promiscuous Tone,
As if he talk'd three parts in one,
Which made some think when he did gabble,
Th' had heard three Labourers of Babel;
Or Cerberus himself pronounce
A Leash of Languages at once.

You have guarded as well as you could against such attacks; and in the amusing variety of Greek quotations, intended to illustrate your observations

on

on the several topics to which they refer, something will, probably, be found suited to the taste and fancy of every reader, who is much conversant with that language. But, for want of a translation, those who never learnt it, and those who, by long disuse, have but little knowledge of it left, will lose this advantage. When the late Dr. Taylor was preparing his edition of Lysias, he was advised to consult the famous Bentley on some points of a nice and critical nature. He waited on the Doctor for this purpose, who, instead of satisfying his enquiries, said only — "Aye, child, I have *forgot* more Greek than ever you will know as long as you live." Notwithstanding your just complaint, that this language is too much neglected, I believe it is more cultivated here than in any other country. This neglect, after the completion of the School-education, has been occasioned, in part, by a mistaken notion which has prevailed since the

the greater part of the ancient Authors of any eminence have been translated into the modern languages, as they are more easily acquired than Greek or Latin. But as the spirit of such writers, though translated ever so ably, is lost by transfusion, the notion that all the time employed in learning the languages they wrote in is lost, has nothing but idleness to support it. Had Pope understood Greek, as well as he did French, he would certainly have expressed the sense and spirit of Homer with greater truth and fidelity. When Dr. Bentley was asked, what it was that had so much incensed that great Poet against him, he answered, "I only said to a friend, who asked my opinion concerning his translation, that he did not understand Greek: this was told him again, and the little creature never forgave me." However, had he understood it better, it would not, perhaps, have answered his purposes of fame and profit to renounce

the assistance of art and embellishment, and give a faithful, exact representation of the Iliad, and its barbarous heroes, as Cowper has done. The flatness, the coarseness, the vulgarity, which so frequently occur in the great Original, would be insupportable in any language, excepting that, which, from its magical numbers, can give dignity to meanness, and grace to deformity.

Although, as I have observed before, it is more cultivated here than in any other country, yet, surely, we take a very strange, indirect, circuitous course in acquiring this language. We first learn little more than the rudiments of Latin, the genius of which is much more remote from that of the Greek, than our own native idiom; and then our imperfect acquaintance with one learned language, is made the medium, through which we attain to a knowledge of the other. The ill-associating, unharmonizing

nizing temper of the two languages, may be seen at once by consulting the Latin Versions of Greek Authors, where often a single word cannot be rendered, without an awkward periphrasis, or tedious circumlocution, and even then, not with sufficient clearness, or proper precision. I have often thought, that if our great proficients in Greek would concur in forming a Lexicon and Grammar, adapted to our language only, or in conjunction with the Latin, their service to literature would be very important, by rendering the *Recording Language* of the Scriptures more easily acquired, and more perfectly understood. To how great a degree the study of Greek was cultivated in the best and most flourishing periods of the Roman government, we learn from Cicero and Horace, and all who were eminent for learning. The former studied at Athens, and sent his son for education there, as the method of attaining to excellence in writing; the

latter gives this advice,

Vos exemplaria Græca
Nocturnâ versate manu, versate diurnâ.

In every art, science, and species of Literature, they were considered as patterns and models. That country, indeed, was the seat of the Muses, and the Writers of it had almost exhausted all the sources of invention and taste. Little more was left for the ablest Authors of other countries, than a discreet and judicious imitation of those great originals. On comparing Virgil with Homer, and Horace with Pindar, the unequal paces of the young Ascanius immediately occur to us.

Sequiturque patrem non passibus æquis.

It was not less consonant to truth, than to modesty, that Horace declares for himself, and his countrymen, their great inferiority to the Thracian Bard; and

that

that Virgil makes a similar confession in the beautiful lines I shall now quote for the better accomplishment of my present purpose.

Excudent alii spirantia mollius æra,
Credo equidèm vivos ducent de marmore vultus;
Orabunt causas melius: cœlique meatus
Deſcribent radio, et surgentia sidera dicent.
Tu regere imperio populos, ROMANE, memento,
Hæ tibi erunt artes, pacisque imponere morem,
Parcere subjectis, et debellare superbos.

"Yes, first of Poets, (would your Genius have said, had he been consulted) this compliment to your august Patron is finely imagined, and happily expressed, though little consistent with the sage suggestions of your heavenly Director. Take then from me, what gratitude and prudence did not permit to be presented to your Prince — this faithful picture of the Roman policy, its vicious tenour, and wretched termination.

"In

"In the arts and sciences, where talents are displayed, the subjugated Grecians are our Masters still. *Our* excellence is in a *different* way. In the arts of *oppression*, in the science of *destruction*, we have no superior, nor even a rival. War is our trade. Ambition is our object. We spare those, who deserve to perish, for their tame and timid submission to our tyrannical claims; while those, who ought to be honoured for their brave resistance and generous defence of their country and liberties—those we enslave or destroy. But if there *is* a righteous ruler of the universe (and sure I perceive the rays of divinity which dart at times through the dense cloud of superstition that conceals him) can he look on such a scene with an eye of indifference?—No: virtuous darling of the Muses, it is impossible he should.—Now learn, ye haughty rulers of the conquered and insulted countries[f]—the irrevocable doom that awaits your

[f] See Note 5.

your own. This chief, this paramount mystery of iniquity[g] shall ere long be unfolded. The ETERNAL CITY[h], which abuses the entrusted power; the GREAT NATION which boasts of its boundless and ill-gotten dominion, shall speedily fall,—crushed by the weight of its own unweildy and enormous Bulk. ARTS, LETTERS, SCIENCES shall fall with them; and the HUMAN FACULTIES, too much elated in their prosperous period, now depressed and dejected from the sorrowful sense of the general misery, shall sink into a death-like torpor and stupefaction for a thousand years.

"Such is the decree: and if the immortal Works of MARO and his GREAT MASTER do not perish in the general wreck, it is not fortune—no, nor their own merit that can save them. But they *shall* be preserved for the sake of THOSE LANGUAGES, which are destined to

[g] See Note 6. [h] See Note 7.

to be the vehicles of INSPIRED ORACLES; to record, and to convey them down; to evidence their authority, confirm their truth, and elucidate their meaning, to all future ages."

What the GENIUS in the age of Augustus so truly predicted concerning their pre-eminent character and office, adds wonderful force to your encomium on the LEARNED LANGUAGES: considered in *this* view, they have a value, which, though little attended to, cannot be computed; a luster which exceeds, and will outlast the Sun's.

Indeed, there is something so singular in the accidents which preceded and accompanied the Revival of Letters, such a curious concurrence of circumstances, such a seeming preparation and predisposition of things, all tending to the same point, that it would argue the utmost inattention not to discern the hand

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of Providence in bringing about that important event.

On the dissolution of the Eastern empire, about the middle of the fifteenth century, when Constantinople was invested by its barbarous invaders, some Greeks, who fled from thence and took refuge in Italy, carried with them the precious remains of the ancient literature, which were in their possession. In that country[i], and at that period, a person of all the patrons and encouragers of learning, one of the greatest, perhaps, that any age has produced, — I mean the illustrious Cosmo de Medici, afforded protection and relief to those distressed fugitives. Ennobled by talents, and enriched by commerce, he purchased all their MSS. and guided by the instructions of learned men, dispatched his literary agents and emissaries in quest of others throughout the East, and where-

[i] See Note 8.

where-ever they were likely to be found. These, when procured and collected by him, and afterwards by the great Lorenzo de Medici (without which extraordinary exertions most, and, perhaps, all of them would have [k]perished, as many actually did) were committed to the care of persons the best qualified to examine, arrange, compare, correct, and translate them.

Just about this time the art of Printing, of so much consequence to the progress and future security of Letters, was invented. Reading is the food of the mind, and we cannot wonder if, after so long a fast, the appetite for it was very keen, and often indulged to a degree beyond what the vigour of the human mind can sustain. Pedantry may be considered as a sort of distemper arising from the fumes of excessive, ill-chosen, undigested reading. Language is

[k] See Note 9.

is the dress of sentiment, and on this dress, as well as on what is properly so called, custom and fashion have a great influence. The fashion, which prevailed among our early writers, was to imitate the ancient Romans, and to bring our language, as much as possible, to a likeness with theirs. This endeavour was the less necessary, because it is varied and enriched very much by the number of Greek and Latin words which originally make a part of it: and even the structure of it, in many instances, agrees well with the Latin forms of expression. But through the over-fond, and fostering affection of our early writers, this foreign brood has increased and multiplied to a degree, which has almost effaced our native forms and vernacular idiom. It is like the offspring of some prolific animals, which, if not kept under, will grow to a nuisance, and over-run the country. Yet, instead of avoiding the faults, arising from the imitative

fondness of a former, the writers of a subsequent period have adopted and confirmed them by their own practice. They wisely endeavoured to transfuse into their own compositions the sense and spirit and taste of the ancient Classics; but should not have rejected the very expressive peculiarities of the English, for the sake of introducing those of a foreign tongue, and that without measure or discretion[1].

I will now cite some few instances, but quite sufficient for my purpose, taken from the earlier, as well as from a later period. Though Milton wrote Latin with uncommon purity and elegance, yet, to what a degree has he travestied and disfigured his own native language by a barbarous phraseology? The contexture of his prose is like the covering of a porcupine, or the coat of a hedgehog. Even in his Paradise Lost there

[1] See Note 10.

there is a touch of the same infection. The purity of that matchless Poem is sullied with the stain of Pedantry. That this was the vice of the writers, and not of the age, or language, as is generally thought, is evident from the speeches of Waller, and other eminent men who flourished at the same time. For, though it has been asserted, that *taste* in writing was not then so much as known, stronger proofs of an elegant correctness and dignified diction, than are seen in those speeches, are not to be found in any subsequent period.

A perfect contrast to the uncouth and crabbed manner of Milton, is that of Shaftsbury, who, like another Pollio, was at the head of polite letters, and a true Dillettante. His stile, though chaste, manly, and dignified in the Essay on Virtue, is, for the most part, as florid and finical, as his reasoning is weak and fallacious.

No writer, of any repute, has done more to corrupt the public taste, and to disgrace his own character, than Sterne; for though some few Sermons of his are well composed, there is, in the greater part, a flippant and foolish affectation of wit and smartness, with as little appearance of taste, as of good-sense. In his other works, where he displays his powers as a low buffoon, in exciting laughter, at the expence of decency, there are strong symptoms of a servile imitation. I should not have noticed him, but that, I think, he had just parts and popularity enough to qualify him for the mischievous purposes to which he was inclined.

Junius has been noticed already. I will only add here, that, as if determined to reverse the maxim of his great master, — neque semper arcum tendit Apollo,— he allows no repose to the mind of the reader; whose attention, like the

the stile of the writer, is ever on the stretch.

The ardour of Johnson's admirers was a little damped by the cooling caricature of Lexiphanes. Ridicule, though not the test of truth, is the scourge of folly, and will do more than reason can in curing affectation. Johnson writes with strength, but it is the strength of an ox, or an elephant. His stile is nervous, but the nerves are iron bars. His sentences, so often beginning with oblique cases, his pompous and turgid phraseology, his frequent, forced, and violent transpositions, obscure the sense, and deform the diction. These blemishes, in the greater part of his works, excite our concern, when we consider the learning, good-sense, and spirit of his writings, so friendly to virtue, religion and humanity.

Warburton, as you well observe, is sublime, even in his exorbitances. It is

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the more to be lamented, that the composition of so superior a writer should be disgraced, sometimes by a scholar-like ostentation, and sometimes by a slovenly negligence. This, I conceive, was owing chiefly to two causes: one was, his excessive veneration of our early writers, on account of their sound reasoning and manly sense: the other was, his sovereign contempt of the slavish attention often paid to the niceties of stile. Shaftesbury, Middleton, and some others, who prided themselves in a classical elegance, have strongly insinuated, but very weakly supposed, that if the Scriptures had been the effect of inspiration, there must have appeared, in the composition of them, a much greater degree of purity and perfection. This absurd notion is most ably confuted, and happily ridiculed in the Doctrine of Grace, where an answer to this curious objection has a wonderful propriety.

I deem

I deem it unnecessary to pursue any farther these observations on the changes in our *language and habits of writing* since the revival of learning; and will now endeavour to shew, how far, and in what manner, our *literature and habits of thinking* have been influenced by the same causes, or by other accidents.

The happy Reformation in religion soon followed the revival of letters. Reason, now freed from the fetters of ignorance, and conscious of its strength, began to examine the pretensions, and was enabled, by degrees, to shake off the yoke of the Papal power. Animated by the recovery of her long-lost rights, and elated by the very successful exertion of them in this memorable instance, she forgot the limits of her province, and carried her enquiries farther than discretion, or modesty, or even common sense, if fairly consulted, would allow. But after such splendid triumphs over

ignorance and superstition, when she found herself at liberty to range at large in the immense field of learned disquisition, can we wonder at her aberrations? Can we wonder that her motions, often desultory, daring, and precipitate, should refuse to be governed by those laws and rules to which the *thoughts* of man, no less than his passions and propensities, ought ever to be subject? Can we be much surprised, if the habit of an humble submission to divine authority, in matters above the reach of reason, and on evidence which reason herself approves, should be cast off and discarded by unprincipled men, as a mark of weakness? or, which is still worse, exchanged for the bold and presumptuous intrusion into the divine councils; the vain search of impenetrable mysteries, or an impious denial of the facts they convey? It is obvious to observe, how the common principle of curiosity, co-existent with the capacity of reflecting,

ing, and ever too forward in its own nature, has been pushed on by accidental causes in the perilous paths of unlimited enquiry; while the sober and pious, among our Reformers, were busied in clearing the moldering fabric superstition had erected; in the application of learning to the advancement of science; in opening and explaining the sense of Scripture on the fixed principles of sound criticism; a set of men started up, under the name of *Freethinkers*, who resolved to defeat, if possible, those noble endeavours. A part of these writers engaged in deep, metaphysical researches, and airy speculations, were contented with making the Scriptures bend to their preconceived notions, and favourite systems: but the other part, assuming to themselves the high merit of undeceiving a world, blinded, forsooth! by prejudice, and still enslaved by established maxims, like enlightened geniuses set up for guides and instructors of the public, holding

holding in the utmost contempt all who were appointed to that office by public authority. When distressed by the dearth of matter for objection, they revived many of the doctrines and opinions, not only of the old philosophic sects, but of the early heretics in the Christian Church, sometimes in the same, and often in a different dress, adding to them new notions of their own, equally wild and pernicious. While the promotion of truth is the object pretended, the right of private judgement thus exercised, defeated the purposes, and corrupted the very sources of instruction. But the difficulty of preventing such abuses, and the public mischiefs arising from them, without endangering the right, has hitherto almost baffled the skill and ability of the wisest legislators. Every country in Europe has abounded, more or less, with productions of the most dangerous tendency to religion, morals, and good government, and our own most

most of all, as enjoying liberty in the fullest extent. If the evils occasioned by shallow sciolists, quibbling sophists, and conceited pedants, were confined to the republic of letters, that fraternity, though their conduct would even then be very culpable, would have much less to answer for. But there is another set of men more deeply concerned in the perversion of learning, than any of the class just mentioned. I mean the writers of ability and genius, who are destitute of principle. When vanity proceeds from an over-fondness for esteem, and stimulates the endeavour to excel, it is a weakness, or frailty, more deserving of pity, than contempt: but when it prompts men to mischief, and takes the diabolical direction of deceiving and corrupting the public mind, equally hostile to piety, morals, and good government, it has the complicated guilt of a vicious, a criminal, and a sinful action. Nature is frugal of her gifts, and happy it is for the world,

world, that the Bolingbrokes, the Humes, the Middletons, and the Gibbons, are not the product of every age. For before the falsehood of their specious pretensions can be detected and exposed, the fascinating power of their writings will have wrought its effect. The taste of thousands will be misled, and their judgement fatally perverted. And well it would be if the mischief terminated here. But these too, the faithful disciples, and servile imitators of their admired masters, will set up a school in their turn: and, from the condition of our frail nature, the principles of error are more easily taught, and more readily imbibed, than those of truth. Besides, error is of an infectious nature, so that if the force of it were not counteracted, and checked by the timely exertions of superior writers, religion and learning, the interests of which are united, and their fortunes inseparable, instead of advancing, as some fondly suppose, in the

progress

progress[m] to perfection, might again fall back, by an easy descent, to declension and ruin.

And here, Sir, I cannot sufficiently express my sense of your merit with the public, for the zeal and spirit with which you have stigmatized two Authors of considerable learning, who seem to have vied with each other in the infamy of their productions. The first, who was formerly an associated member of a learned Society in this University, has, contrary to the most solemn engagements, continued to publish all that heresy and sedition dictates, and that too in open defiance of the magistrate's power. Among the rights, which he and his fraternity so earnestly insist on, is that of ruining his country; or, which amounts to the same thing, that of spreading his opinions without controul. But the firm RHADAMANTHUS of our upper

[m] See Note 11.

upper regions will awaken them, and their mercenary printers, to a sense of their crimes, by the aweful warning, —discite justitiam moniti, et non temnere leges!

The other object of your just indignation, is, the Catholic Doctor, the first, I suppose, who has yet undertaken, and the last, I hope, who will ever undertake, a new translation of the Bible, with the view of overturning its divine inspiration. He has used even *Biblical* learning as an instrument of impiety, and laboured hard to bring down the sublime and aweful history of God's intercourse with his earth-born creatures, to the low level of mere human occurrences, brought about in the usual way, and recorded, as in other books, by persons uninspired. But that the truths revealed were both *dictated* and *recorded* by the divine direction, is equally consonant to reason, and evident from experience.

rience. For the same power which communicated the truths, would undoubtedly provide for the safe conveyance of them. And that this provision has actually been made, we need no other proof, than the existence of the book itself, and the veneration it is still held in, both by Jews and Christians, after all the attempts to destroy its authority. But of late the most favourite subject of discussion with the Freethinkers, especially among the learned of Germany, is the *Recording Inspiration*. Because indiscreet, though well-meaning persons, have carried the notion to an extent as unnecessary, at it is extravagant, those scholars, and some of them Professors, have attempted to destroy the belief of its reality. But let not good men be discouraged by such monstrous perversions of learning. It is with Christianity itself, as with its early Martyrs. Like them, it has undergone all sorts of trials and tortures, which wit, art, and

study could invent, and that too for a series of ages. Greatly as it has suffered in its influence, yet, by the blessing of Providence, even after all the corruptions of human origin, its essence remains unimpaired. Time and experience might have taught its adversaries, though deaf to the voice of prophesy, how very idly the treasures of learning and ingenuity are wasted and squandered in the attempt to destroy it. Indeed, if a balance could be struck, in the account of writers for and against it, those in its favour have, on the whole, so prodigious a superiority, that I have sometimes been apprehensive, lest this circumstance should be converted into an argument against it. For it might, perhaps, be suspected, that in so unequal a combat, the triumph of truth is of little value; and that error itself, if as ably supported, would maintain its ground. But when we consider the constant and strong support which the latter receives

from

from *another* quarter;—from the wrong propensities and inherent weaknesses of our degenerate nature; when we also consider how much attention is due, and how little is usually paid, to the evidences of religion, even by those whose demands for proof are so high, as to leave no room for the exercise of faith; we are effectually relieved from all anxiety of this sort, and are also convinced, that the exertions of the learned and pious in the defence of truth, should be as constant, as zealous, and as unwearied, as those of the CORRUPTING POWER.

I have now laid before you such reflections as occurred to me on the perusal of your Book, not without apprehensions of being thought too daring and adventurous, in thus undertaking the double office of your CORRECTOR and COADJUTOR. Whether I am at all qualified for either, or to what degree I have succeeded, or failed, in my attempt; the

public (if this Letter should chance to be read) will judge for themselves. — Though very far from pretending to rival you in learning, or in skill and ability as a writer, I profess to rival you, at least, in what is better than either, — in the love of truth, and in a zealous regard for religion and learning.

I am, Sir, &c. &c.

NOTES.

NOTES.

Note 1. See p. 2. claim, &c.]—The firm perseverance of the person to whom the Pursuits of Literature are imputed, in refusing to answer the repeated and pressing enquiries, whether he did, or did not, write that Book, has occasioned a most bitter invective against him, which has lately appeared in one of the Daily Papers. Whether any one has a right to put such a question, or not, the violence of the attack, grounded only on the presumptive evidence of silence, is a convincing proof, that the demand could not, in prudence, be complied with.

2. See p. 14. disinterested, &c.]—The expression *disinterested*, is rather unlucky in this place, and deserves to be NOTED. See p. 16. sale, &c.]

As any incident, how trivial soever in its own nature, if it tends to throw light on such a character as we are now considering, is of consequence to learning itself, the mention of a little anecdote here will not be improper. It deserves also to be noticed, for the very useful, though obvious reflections with which

which it is connected. The Doctor was not proof against the allurements of the table. He was a *bon vivant* in the utmost extent of that phrase: his convivial disposition, and fondness for company, fell in with the keen appetite which nature had given him. It happened at a certain sumptuous Feast, that I sat next him, so that we had an opportunity of observing each other's performances. Nature had not qualified *me* to figure on such occasions; and my fears would have preserved me from a perilous indulgence of my appetite, if better motives had not. The Doctor, after praising the College for its spirit, and the Cook for his skill, began to praise *me* for my temperance. Not conscious of any singular merit on this account, I said abruptly, rather roughly indeed — "Why, Doctor, I don't chuse to dig my grave with my teeth." This homely saying was so nicely adapted to the occasion, and uttered with so odd an emphasis, and in a tone so significant, that he laughed out; and, though he made no reply, I could perceive that he both understood and felt the warning, which was taken as kindly, as it was meant, though, unhappily, it failed to produce the effect intended: *one* good effect, however, the very failure has had—it serves as a solemn, perpetual, public admonition—as a lesson and memento to all, that, "without an *occasional* abstinence from *lawful* enjoyments, and a constant moderation in the use of them, no man is safe: that even if religion and morals were no way concerned, yet, without this resolute self-controul, the very best

best of men are liable to fall by degrees into ruinous habits, and fatal excesses."

3. See p. 20. deliberate, &c.] — Besides that the Doctor had a mind which frequently furnished him with fine sentiments, and a spirit which prompted him to a boldness of expression, the external advantages he possessed as a preacher, were uncommonly great. The portly figure, the dignified air, the broad visage, the dark complexion, arched eye-brows, and piercing eyes, the solemn, emphatical, commanding utterance; the gestures and attitudes, not graceful indeed, or elegant, but perfectly natural and appropriate;—with these, and other advantages which might be enumerated, it will not seem strange, that wherever he preached, the audience, from the highest to the lowest, from the most learned, down to the most illiterate,—all were impressed with admiration and delight. The same Sermons, however, if preached by any other person, would be little understood, and as little relished. Some exceptions, indeed, there are to this observation, those on Prayer, and on the reciprocal duties of parents and children, being very superior to the rest, and more familiar, the unlearned might hear, or read them, with good effect. Nor is it at all strange, that so successful a preacher should excite imitation. I am not fond of long Notes, and, therefore, will only say, that Dr. Hallifax, who knew his own Genius better, than to imitate his stile, did, unfortunately, so far mistake it, as to imitate his delivery. The

effect

effect was, what might be expected, that effect, which affectation usually does, and ever will produce in such a place as this.

4. See p. 23. oddities, &c.]—The following anecdote (and a hundred more might easily be added) is quite characteristic.

One day, as I chanced to fall in with Dr. Hallifax, in the course of my rides, he suddenly accosted me as follows, "Was there ever such a creature as that Ogden? I must either quarrel with him out-right, or yield to his tyrannical humour."—Why, what is the matter, Sir, said I.—"He charges me with having broken my promise to meet him by appointment, which I deny: and insists on my submitting to the punishment he himself has decreed." And pray, Sir, what may that be? "Why, he declares he will *punish me a Goose* *—no, indeed, but he shan't though, thank ye?" These words were uttered in a tone so serious and indignant, that I burst out into laughter, diverted as much by his manner of relating the tragi-comical story, as by the incident itself. Ogden had formerly kept a school,

Note upon the Note.

* A *savoury* bird, which he was remarkably fond of, and which, in the eyes of our *Intendenti Epicures*, is almost as sacred as your favourite ancients would esteem the Peacock of Juno, the Owl of Minerva, or the Doves of Venus. I will only add, that the History of his Oddities, if faithfully written, would exceed all belief, and would be more entertaining than any Comedy. It might also be useful and instructive. It might teach your brethren, in particular, that foibles and anomalies of character, when connected with great virtues, and great talents, and, perhaps, occasioned by them, are not subjects for contempt and ridicule.

school, and being very strict and exact in the rules of his government, had contracted a *habit of punishing*, which was confirmed by being afterwards Dean of his College. But he did not confine this *Pedagogical propensity* within the sphere of his office. Those students, who were distinguished for learning and ingenuity, were sure to be caught in the traps he laid in order to punish them in a literary way. When their compositions pleased him much, he would invite them frequently, entertain them hospitably, assist them in their studies, and render them any other service that lay in his power. The death of such a person was as severe a loss to the university, as to his friends and intimates: for he was uncommonly sociable, and his conversation not less improving and instructive, than lively and agreeable.

5. See p. 38. countries, &c.]—The Romans, after the capture of Jerusalem, set the temple on fire, placed the idolatrous ensigns of their army over against the eastern gate of it, and offered sacrifice to them. Josephus, Bell. Jud. lib. 6. cap. 6. edit. Hudson.

We learn from the great Prophet, that the divine vengeance should continue on the Jews, until it should be returned on the authors of their ruin. Their Persian, their Egyptian, and their Roman oppressors were all, in their turns, examples of this sort, ordained to suffer, as well as to execute, those dreadful judgements which were necessary for the discipline and correction of the Jews, of themselves, and of the world at large. And when we see the

same kind of moral regimen administered to the present generation, by a people, surpassing in wickedness all former nations, let every one attend to the aweful admonition; but let not the hope of good men be extinguished. The purposes of providence must be compleated. Iniquity "shall prosper until the indignation be accomplished." Dan. xi. 36.

That this country, so often rescued from impending ruin, will still continue to be guarded by a protecting Providence, is a hope not inconsistent with the deepest humility. The corruption, so inseparable from opulence and luxury, and so prevalent in the individuals of all ranks and orders, we acknowledge and deplore: but there is something in our national character which pleads in our behalf, and inspires us with a pious confidence—an uniform regard to the faith of engagements, a natural abhorrence of all injustice and oppression, an inbred compassion and generosity, extended to aliens and enemies farther, perhaps, than our own circumstances, or the rules of prudence and sound policy, would justify.

6. See p. 39. iniquity, &c.]—Anti-Christ is described as the seventh head of the Roman empire. Rev. xvii. 11. 7, 8. "And the Angel said unto me, why didst Thou marvel? I will tell thee the mystery of the Woman, and of the Beast that carries her, which hath the seven heads and ten horns."

7. See p. 39. CITY, &c.] — Æternitas Augusti et Roma æterna, were the proud Inscription of their recording medals.

8. See

8. See p. 41. country, &c.]—Italy, formerly so prolific in heroes, statesmen, and philosophers, and afterwards the nursing Mother of reviving Literature, independent of its natural beauties, well merits the pretty panegyric of a writer whose name I forget.—"E un pezzo di cielo in terra caduto; it is a bit of heaven dropt down upon the earth." I was much struck with the noble and generous spirit of the Parisian Artists in petitioning the Directory against the cruel spoliation of that country, then in contemplation, and now in a way to be thoroughly compleated. If Gray, or Mason were living, what a subject would this occurrence offer them for a noble Elegy!

9. See p. 42. perished, &c.]—It is obvious to reflect, that had the works of Tacitus, Pliny the younger, Ammianus Marcellinus, and some others, been included in the list of those which perished, so many links would have been lost in the chain of evidence for the truth of our religion.

10. See p. 44. discretion, &c.]—The Academicans of Italy and France have *hitherto* taken some care of their languages, but if it were not for such wits as the Author of *Lexiphanes*, I do not know what would become of our own. Not only barbarous and exotic admixtures of other languages are admitted, if introduced by real scholars, or by those who pass for such, but every Novelist, male, or female, takes a liberty, not allowed to a Roman Emperor, to introduce a new term or phrase,

as

as necessary or suitable to the purpose, without stint or controul.

11. See p. 55. progress, &c.]—Some people seem to measure the progress of literature by the number of books which are written. If this is a right measure, Germany will contribute more to its advancement than any other nation. But from the specimens of some famous performances which have lately appeared, and from the notions inculcated in them, I venture to predict, that they, whose ancestors Cæsar could not subdue, will soon be qualified to be humble vassals of the NATION, whose ancestors he did subdue.

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